



I'm *His* only
DAUGHTER.

Pitts printer Wholesale Toy & marble
warehouse 6, Great st. Andrew street
7 Dials

DOWN in a valley my father does dwell,
So yonder on Mary is leaning
All that his cottage produces he sells,
But I earn him a little by gleaning.
But I must away
By the break of the day,
My basket to fill by the water;
For to earn what I can,
For my father-poor man
For I am his only Daughter,

The ladies they offered me places three,
And told me to chuse which I'd rather,
But this is the answer they all got from me,
Oh Ladies pray think of my father,
If I was to leave.
The cottage would grieve,
Forgetting the duties he taught me,
If I was to leave,
The cottage would grieve,
For I am his only daughter

Young Jockey he fetched from the fields below
Three pretty Cows from Old Mary,
For soon he shall want he told me so,
A maid to look after his dairy.
Should he ask me to go,
I could not say no,
For its only just over the water,
Should he ask me to go.
I could no say no,
But still i'm his only daughter,

